

[[BIG SHOT]]

A Spanton G. Spanton Zine





THX FOUR THE
[SUSTENEMSE]
♥The Miasma

A PLEASURE
DOING BUSINESS
WITH YOU!

-Scarbear♥



THANK YOU 4
THE SPECIAL
SUPPORT

-BENNY♥♥♥
(witchy bomber)



-RETROGROOM

THANKS!!
FROM THE
BOTTOM OF
OUR
[Heart Shaped Object]
CUSTOMER!
-ceregret



Baguette slice for
the little man!!



HEE
HEE
HOO
HOO
HAA
HAA



HOPE ♫
YOU KNOW
YOUR
[Commemorative zine]!!



THANK YOU FOR
THE [KROMER]
AND EAT YOUR
VEGETABLES!!
(WAIT
WAIT ME!)



Thank you for
your support!!
- spexi-Raw

FOR OUR [SPECIAL]
CUSTOMER,

ORCA
WHULE

HEY EVERY!!
IT'S ME!!

Thank you,

[#1 customer]

♥:kronias:

thanks a
[([spam])]Ton
[little sponges]



Thank you
For the support,
Big Shot!
Lighterium



Thank you
for the support!
-Nisnow

you're
[SPECIAL]
to me!

-starjuicebox



THANKS FOR
THE DELICIS
KROMER,
BIG SHOTS!



THANKS
4 THE SUPPORT!!



SORRY NO
REFUNDS FOR THIS
[HYPER LINKED BLOCKED]

Yum Yum!

WE COULDN'T DO
THIS WITHOUT YOU!

THANKS!
-DANA!



THANKS FOR THE SUPPORT!!!
WAY TO GO, BIG SHOTS!

-DINGOTKI!

WOW! I REALLY
AM A BIG SHOT!

Thank You
for delicious Kromer!
- Wonsun ♥

[[BIG SHOT]]

A Spamton G. Spamton Zine

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BIG SHOT AUTOS

1997

GRAND OPENING!

@ceregret







↑
PiPi's

TOMATO
STYLES





BIGGER THAN ALL

BY SERNERR

Deep in the darkness of a royal basement, a human strides forward, pace determined and focused, only one goal in mind.

That goal? Pinched in their fingers as a CD, a certain salesman downloaded inside.

The disk smiles in the Lightner's white-knuckled grip, almost vibrating with eagerness. Spamton presses his metaphorical hands against the smooth plastic, eager to finally see his gateway to [[Heaven]]. It's been too long. Much too long.

He's worked hard enough and tried enough times. He *won't* lose this chance.

(‘Whatever it takes, right? Not that you have anything left to lose anyways.’)

Spamton's smile only widens as Kris approaches the end of the tunnel. The only place left for him to go is up, after all! It's time to become a [Big Shot] again!

Kris's steps echo into the cavernous expanse, a determined stride rapidly approaching the key to Heaven. Spamton remembers this specific tunnel, remembers the weary pillars and enervated vines. He can swear he even smells the damp, musty air as a CD. The salesman's grin stretches into something manic.

They're here.

Kris's steps slow, limbs tensing as they approach the abandoned machine. As they approach *NEO*...

Spamton laughs, but the disk remains silent. They're here, they're here, it's time, it's time. Time to become big, bigger, bigger and better than ever before!

Kris lifts the arm holding the Loaded Disk, and Spamton looks up, palms pressed against the disk's casing. He sees a looming majesty, sharp and jagged metal edges meeting to become the celestial armor of a being that can- no- *will* pierce the sky. A being of dreams, a being of Heaven, a being that will finally *free* him from this hell.

His fractured joints smooth over like porcelain and his suit restitches into a rich red. Spamton is wealthy and famous, on his knees with hands clamped in fervent prayer. His eyes are gleaming with the promise of something *more*, something greater than money and success and renown, something far beyond his limited reach.

Something that will save him, that will bring true freedom.

The ability to make his own deals and call his own shots is long gone, but as Spamton is urged into the machine, his hands still come together in that familiar prayer of so long ago. *NEO*, hunched and shadowed, smiles down at him, welcoming and just as eager.

Spamton laughs and can't stop laughing. Tears stream down his face even if being a disk swallows that image. He has longed for Its power and glory all these years, but now, it is finally time to be reborn.

This old crooked salesman doesn't matter anymore.

NEO, like a grinning deity, opens Its mouth wide and accepts the offering, Spamton finally disappearing into It as Kris's trembling hand hastily pulls away.

They step back and hold their breath.

And Spamton... Well, Spamton reaches in, as deep as he can go, seeking every crevice of every inch of NEO as It shifts to [Transform] him. His ghostly digitized fingers are delirious in the way they fervently run over every inch of NEO at their disposal, jittering and quaking with sobbing laughter and ecstatic gasps. He's waited so long, so long; tried so many, so many times. His humiliating life as a worthless piece of trash is finally, *finally* coming to an end. He is *finally* going to become GOD.

But Spamton had neglected to consider something.

The price of divinity is *never* easy to pay.

It starts with a pressure, one that caves in, in, *in* as NEO begins to crush what's left of his pathetic little shell. The old him. The him that's going to die. It's an incoming doom he *clings* to.

Spamton cackles at the sensation, at the creaking and the pushing and the *pop* and how he begins to come undone. He doesn't care. It doesn't hurt. It's *power*, it's rebirth, it's freedom, it's-

A vicious snap. Metal claws in and yanks, and Spamton feels himself *tear*.

Whatever was left of him is gone, NEO accepting the sacrifice greedily; It *will* receive Its payment for a twisted salesman's freedom.

So fingers twist into claws, joints cave in, limbs are pulled taut, and the metal digs *in, in, in*. Black-hot liquid pours from a too-wide smile, choked laughter the sound of a man lost. It doesn't matter, *it doesn't matter*.

Each *crack* and each *pop*, each little bend in his spine or joints- it *doesn't matter*. He's dying, but he's being reborn.

Such a prize is *far more* than worth it.

NEO cackles, far from a benevolent god. It watches the salesman burn, watches him embrace his doom, and finally feels merciful.

Spamton's eyes widen, breaths fast and desperate with jubilee as metal shrieks in his ears; but when he looks up, he finally sees that kind divine smile he's been longing for all these years.

Finally, he is being accepted into [[Heaven]].

He reaches up, the power gently takes his hand, and *that's* when he knows.

It's strength and flight, defense and ingenuity, vision and promise. All these things sink in, deep into his core as every part of him falls into pieces and liquid static pours from his eyes. The ecstasy is beautiful; the pain is euphoric.

It's NEO. Spamton is now NEO.

HE'S BECOME A [[BIG SHOT]].

NEO cackles madly. "HOLY [[Cungadero]] DO I FEEL GOOD..."

He does. He does, he does, he does. It's amazing! His joints are sore, he can hardly *feel* move his arms or legs, but he feels the *power* of it all!

It's in his every inch as he stops before Kris and presents his grandeur to the only [[Little Spongel] that took the time to listen. It's incredible, enough to truly make a difference for himself!

"THIS POWER IS FREEDOM. I WON'T HAVE TO BE JUST A PUPPET ANYMORE!!!"

Right...? Right?Right?Right?Right?Right?

He's supposed to be a...

Spamton looks up to the [Heavens], to the neverending strings that continue to hold his freedom back and—!

He can't have this. He can't, he's worked hard enough, *paid* high enough prices when he already had nothing left—*he will be free!*

He must have the power to destroy the strings... "KRIS. I JUST NEED. THAT LITTLE. [[SOUL]]. YOU. HAVE..."

Ow.

He is tugged away, saved from harm ~~not by choice~~, and gazes down at the approaching ensemble. *Friends?! Kris has had allies all this time?*

No matter. He won't lose. S- *NEO* won't lose.

He will be free.

"[Heaven], are you WATCHING?" NEO's grin is a nasty, demented thing. "IT'S TIME TO MAKE A VERY [Speci]l DEAL..."

His arms swing numbly as Spamton heads begin to fly. Everything is a mess of colors and sparks and power, so who is he but to laugh? Isn't everything amazing?

Isn't it, Kris?

Aren't these ringing (*ringingringing*) phones and cannons and [pipis] and bombs and faces incredible? Aren't they [Big]?

Isn't this what it means to be bigger than all? So much so the dark can't haunt you anymore?

Well, Kris?

A frantic array of slashes is his answer every time. They don't stop.

They land on his torso, on his limbs, on his face, but what's the *point*? He's NEO! Impenetrable, all powerful—*nothing* they do will ever work! The attacks don't hurt, they don't! They *can't*.

(His arm swings more loosely now, unfeeling.)

“KRIS!!! WHAT'S WITH [Friendly Banter]?!! DON'T YOU WANT TO BE [Big]?!!”

What can this kid possibly want?! They're shaking in their boots, grimacing with wide crimson eyes, and just won't *stop fighting!*

Don't they want to be free? Aren't they trapped, like him?

Spamton's heart breaks from his chest, and he wildly shouts, “DO YOU WANNA BE A [Heart] ON A [Chain] YOUR WHOLE LIFE?!”

Kris looks like they grit their teeth, grip a quaking thing on their sword. The yellow SOUL fights back his heart, makes it crack and *ache*—

No. No ache, no pain, he's *fine*.

No matter how limp his limbs get, or how many attacks chip at his armor, or how much something in him seems to want to give, he's NEO! He can't be stopped!

“KRIS!” He cackles, cackles. “DON'T YOU WANNA BE A [Big Shot]?!”

Another rude buster slams into him, but it's fine, it's *fine!*
He's-!

Wait.

Wait wait wait.

What...?

His eyes widen. Something is happening, something very, very odd, *going against the script*. His body, it... It *hurts*, something is collapsing, and- is that *smoke-?!*

Ah. His health points, they've...

No. No.

Spamton laughs raucously because this is just so funny!
"KRIS! KRIS!! KRIS!!!" He cranes his head back, grin manic and wide as can be, a brilliant selling smile. "YOU THINK YOU'VE [Won a free opportunity!]?!! NO!!!"

Spamton buckles forward, disconnected limbs thrashing every which way as smoke coughs pathetically from his back. It *doesn't* mean anything. He's NEO and nothing can go wrong and he *just needs that SOUL-!*

"THE [Deal's off]!! [NEO] NEVER LOSES!!" he screeches with a choked sob laugh thick on his tongue, beginning to see black. He can't see Kris anymore, can't see those trembling fingers or twisted frown or hunched shoulders. Can't see the other kids gaze up with determination. He can't... *see*.

No, no, no, no, no...!

"THIS... THIS IS [Victory Smoke]!" it *has* to be, "IT'S TIME TO [Transform]!! TO [Turn up the JUICE!] AND REALLY [Give DEth]!"

Yes, *yes*, he's- he's just transforming again! He's *fine*, he's...!

The ugly, ugly wail of metal tearing sounds into the air.

Spamton opens his eyes.

...Something's wrong. It hurts- e-everything- what *happened* to him? These injuries, they-

Spamton seizes, body tossing wildy as limbs flop about uselessly. The smoke continues to pour, and he finally realizes that this body is beginning to *cave*.

(*'No... not again...'*)

Is- is he *dying*?! He *can't*! He's supposed to be a [Big Shot]! He's supposed to see [[Heaven]]?! *He's supposed to finally be free! That's what he paid that damn price for!!* But instead he's...!

"[I-I-I—————]"

Spamton's head tips mechanically back, jaw falling open as blank eyes search desperately for the heavens. Is... Is he really going to go out like this, unable to have accomplished *anything*? Just stuck as a failure of a God that couldn't even rip his own strings away?

"KRIS... Kris...!"

Everything hurts, everything's breaking, his body is throwing itself about and steam is gushing out of him, hissing loudly in his ears as the metal shrieks in his core, and-

And your time has run out, little God.

Spamton's lips tremble in a silent scream as everything hits him all at once: his failure, the *pointlessness* of NEO, his fatal standing as a pathetically fake God, and the fact

that it feels like he's going to die.

It's terrifying.

Stars explode behind his eyes, and as the world disappears in a blinding flash, a single whimper escapes that broken little salesman,

"...Help..."

And NEO, in a brilliant show of light, disappears in the sea of white.

essie.png



When Spanton wakes up, it takes what feels like an eternity to remember who he even is.

His head is mush and scramble and everything *but* stable, but... for a notable first in a very long time, it feels... *clear*. Like he can actually hear himself *think*.

He freezes, unsure of what to do with that information.

Maybe nothing. Maybe think everything he's been unable to for... who knows how long. It's hard to say.

"You're awake."

Spamton starts, or at least, wants to. He's sore all over, and the weak jump he pulls forces a quiet groan out of him. *Damn*, he's totaled. What happened?

He looks to the source of the new voice for answers-

Oh.

The kid. Kris.

They're staring at him with striking red eyes beneath their mop of hair, expression carefully blank. Something in Spamton wants to give a bright selling smile in contrast.

He resists, the thought suddenly making him tired. "You..." is all he can say instead, frankly at a total loss.

Kris doesn't respond, at least not right away, and Spamton takes the opportunity to look around. He's in a room he's never been in before: dark walls and hues of blue with trophies, a closet, and everything he's missed for who knows how long. As a matter of fact... Looking down, he finally realizes he's on a *bed* of all things. It's soft as clouds. He can't help but be somewhat amused, somewhat hesitant. He's torn. Bedding is a hard thing to deserve.

"You're in my room in the Castle."

Spamton quickly looks over, hardly believing his own ears. A Lightner's room? A room in the *Castle*?! Why in Light is he *here*?

He opens his mouth to retort but Kris interrupts him before he can, "You were very hurt. We healed you a bit. I took you here to rest."

The salesman blinks, only falling deeper into a total loss. What is happening?

He... He was NEO. He had tried to be BIG, bigger than he had any right dreaming of, and bit far more than he could chew. He paid his price. But now... he's in a *castle*? On a bed? Because of... the kid he had tried to kill?

Spamton internally swears. Right... that.

He had seriously messed up.

("You really aren't deserving of any of this.")

He bites the inside of his cheek, sighing harshly through his nose. "Hey, kid, I," Spamton slowly turns to the other occupant in the room "...I'm sorry."

Heaven's sake, when was the last time he apologized?

"Really, I... that was wrong, all of it. I broke our deal and tried to... I'm sorry."

Kris blinks, slowly, almost carefully. Their expression doesn't change, eyes as inscrutable as ever. Spamton holds his breath and doesn't move. He doesn't know what he's expecting, what he's waiting for. Forgiveness is a high thing to ask for at this point.

Finally, Kris's voice breaks the crushing silence, "You were really hurt after the explosion," is all they say, soft and curt. It hardly says anything at all.

"I'm sorry, too."

Now- now *that*-

Spanton shoots bulging eyes at the teen, thoroughly thrown for a loop. "What?" he blurts out, dumbly. There's no actual way this kid just apologized to *him*, right? *Right?* He doesn't...!

"I mean it," Kris asserts, voice strengthening in volume. "I didn't want to hurt you. You... You were asking for help and I fought you instead..."

Kris finally breaks eye contact, looking down to their armored boots. "I should've tried to cut the strings..."

Well... this is hilarious, isn't it? How is he even supposed to take that?

"It... it's ok," he begins lamely. "You were just protecting yourself. We don't know each other. You had every right. I'm sorry," because he has to say it again. And 1000 more times.

For some reason, when Kris looks back up at him, it's with kind eyes and an amused smile. "It's ok," is all they say, and it almost feels like they're making fun of him with those glinting eyes.

Instead of taking offense, Spanton just chuckles. "If you say so, kid," he says, and Kris quietly chuckles, too.







IMPRESS YOUR
FRIENDS!

try



it's a little
slice of
Heaven!

COZZY & ALDO

*PAINT JOB NOT INCLUDED WHILE SUPPLIES LAST.

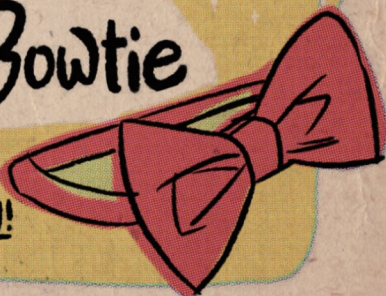


... ALSO TRY

OFFICIAL
Spamton
EXCLUSIVE

BigShot
Bowtie

ALL
EYES WILL
BE ON YOU!





PUPPETS LAMENTATIONS BY HEARTS

Gaze upon the string held prophet
Soul filled Triforce, face his wrath,
grasp at freedom, cut the ropes,
watch the fragile dance ensue.

With a heavy hand, blue light increases,
chime from above, the telephone blows.
Heaven whispers to the broken soul,
“[BIGGER, BETTER]”, the held one groans.

Heaven watches from a blacked out sky,
Red soul bleeds from a determined kind.
Dark and light perform a deadly dance,
Yet nothing slows Vivace tempo.

Train tracks clack, hearts beat in time,
Plead and beg, yet no eyes arrive.
No signal, no response, the rise and fall,
Speak in hands, don't move at all.

Light needs dark to glow,
Dark needs light to live and grow.
Puppet sacrifice, stand tall,
See past the clouds; seek your refuge.

Smoke fills the air as prayer swells,
Spamton Begs and Spamton Prays.
Shaken puppet, falls from high,
Curtain call, facade then falls.

Dodgy deals, lacklustre end;

Let him become your strength.



Join us TONIGHT at the color
cafe to congratulate
this years

#1 RATED SALESMAN



"IT BURNS"



[H E A V E N]



System message

System message

Would Be [FUNNY] if not dire

System message

System message



Critical error

Ok

Paint

File Edit



http://www



CONGRATULATIONS
: [[1000th Customer]]!!!
EAHEAHEAHEAHEAH!!!
You qualify for the [[Hyperlink Blocked
of your choice

Start

Search...

Paint

http://



Are you [COVER 18.99]

no

YES

Hi, I'm your favorite [Number 1 Rated Browser Assistant 1997] my job is to help you navigate AMAZING DEALS!!!

AND I HAVE JUST.

THE THING.

YOU NEED.

THAT'S
[[Hyperlink Blocked]]



Error

Error

Error

7:52



YOU'RE NEVER FULLY DRESSED
WITHOUT A SMILE

BIG SHOT[®] AUTO DEALERSHIP

Terms and Conditions

Terms and Conditions ("Terms")

Our Terms and Conditions were last updated on [DATE].
Please read these terms and conditions carefully before using Our Service.

Interpretation and Definitions

The words of which the initial letter is capitalized have meanings defined under the following conditions.
The following definitions shall have the same meaning regardless of whether they appear in singular or plural.

- For the purposes of these Terms and Conditions:
- "Affiliate"** means an entity that controls, is controlled by or is under common control with a party, where "control" means ownership of 50% or more of the shares, equity interest or other holding that carries sufficient votes to exercise a significant influence over the entity.
 - "Arbitrator"** means a neutral third party to whom the parties have referred a dispute to be decided in final and conclusive arbitration.
 - "Company"** refers to the other "Big Shot" company.
 - "Country"** refers to [COUNTRY, COUNTRY].

GARBAGE NOISE

BY PRINCEFLUFFYBUNS

In the blue light of the bustling Cyber City,
A salesman held his hand out for the cursor.

“WILL YOU TAKE THIS [[Specil Deal]]?”

The prolonged silence slowly eroded his code
until the Lightner clicked off the page.

He stared at the glaring, vibrant screen,
fading away into dark monochrome
and slipping away in rewind.

His lips erratically twitched,
threatening to delete his smile.

Still, he fought to uphold his mask.
He was the Spamton G. Spamton, after all.

Just as the clock signified night,
Spamton hung around the cyber grill’s blue bar.

“YOU JUST WATCH?

SOMEDAY, I’M GOING TO BE A [[BIG SHOT]]!”

He repeated it over,
and over,
and over again.

The HOLY cyan, magenta, and yellow lights of the bar
shined down on the Addisons,
blessing them with devoted followers and [Freedom]
while everything around Spamton continued to grow
dark, darker, yet darker.
As his colorful fellow salesmen celebrated
their few business successes,
Spamton tried to drown out their white noise,
as he imagined the delicious taste
of calling all the shots
and [[Hyperlink Blocked]].

He was alone in the cyber grill,
the silence corrupting his mind
and overall demeanor.
He froze on the half empty glass of bourbon
that reflected his dull, barely lit image.

He hoped ...
He dreamed ...
He prayed ...
for a little generosity.

"Ring, ring"

The black phone tore
through the silence
and ripped it,

using a little static /
willing static
to make the world a little less

Spamton took hold of it,
and his world stopped revolving.





LIVING IN
A GODDAMN
GARBAGE
CAN???









IF SPAM.OBJ = 'BIG SHOT', PRINT ('SUCCESS')

BY MAFA

- * Night falls on the skyscape of Cyber City.
- * It is quite odd that a world coated in darkness has a night and day cycle,
- * But that just means that the world gets darker.
- * Darker.
- * Yet darker.

* In a diminutive apartment in a silent part of town, Spanton slumbers, gently, on his beat-up couch. He's previously closed a deal that day, and he was feeling...

* Very

* Very

* Enthusiastic.

* All he had to do was talk on the phone, once a day, every day. Seems easy enough.

* And from there, all his worries would be over, and all his dreams realized.

* The darkness inside the apartment is different.

* It is an even deeper darkness.

* It's nothingness taking control.

* It coats the surface of the counters, seeps into the cupboards, and obfuscates the light from the lazy neon signs outside.

* And then...

* Riiiiip!

* A large seam erupts from the darkest corner of the room. The fabric of reality, ripped apart by claws, slowly making their way in.

* Hands!

* They crawl around the room curiously, inspecting the feet of the dinner table, the contents of the trash. Exploring.

* They wash a plate forgotten in the sink. Gotta keep a place tidy after all.

* Finally, they find who they're looking for: Spamton, in a dreamless sleep, surrounded by the most pure form of darkness.

* Like this, he looks even peaceful.

* The hands fold together, cracking their knuckles, and then gently pry him open.

* His mouth, of course. With a manifested jack. He keeps those biters very tight together, after all.

* Once it's securely open, the hands hold it up. Another pair scuttles around, eager to help.

* They reach inside, and extract...

* A string!

* It shines gently against the penumbra, and the hands delicately start pulling it up.

* A third pair weaves it around their fingers outstretched, like preparing wool to be knitted.

* ...

* That's enough code, they think.

* With a short wave up and down, like they're sighing, the hands let the code slip from their fingers, and whisk it away, to the air in front of them.

- * They are now strings of code, floating in the empty space just above Spanton's couch.
- * The hands crack their knuckles, stretch their fingers, and get to work.
- * A darkener's code is not hard to read, and definitely not hard to modify.
- * Nor is a dark world's, especially not one suited for it
- * A violent gesture rips apart the fabric of space, revealing the code inside
- * They work on dual screens for a moment, both on the puppet's code and the world's, to accommodate his changes
- * They are diligent.
- * Still, hands are often not the best coders
- * They close and open, while thinking of the syntax
- * They float around the room, thinking of the structure
- * They write frustrated commentary on the corners of the lines
- * But they do not delay much. The code is done.
- * They scroll around it a little bit, admiring their work. What damn fine work it was.
- * Soon, this world would be more receptive to this poor addison's sales pitches
- * But for now, they should be recontextualized.
- * From code, they turn back to thread, and the hands weave them around their fingers to keep it all together.
- * ... They play cat's cradle for a while. Nothing wrong with a bit of fun now and again
- * ...
- * That's enough play. They have to get those strings inside Spanton again somehow.

- * A finger snap: an idea.
- * They stir-fry the strings in a manifested pan, making it well seasoned and crisp.
- * They run them through a blender, to make them easy to digest
- * Finally, they put it through a funnel, down Spanton's gullet.
- * Everything is in its place now.

* The hands scuttle around again, having fun exploring the diminutive apartment, but the night is soon coming to a close, and they take their leave through the shadows they crawled from.

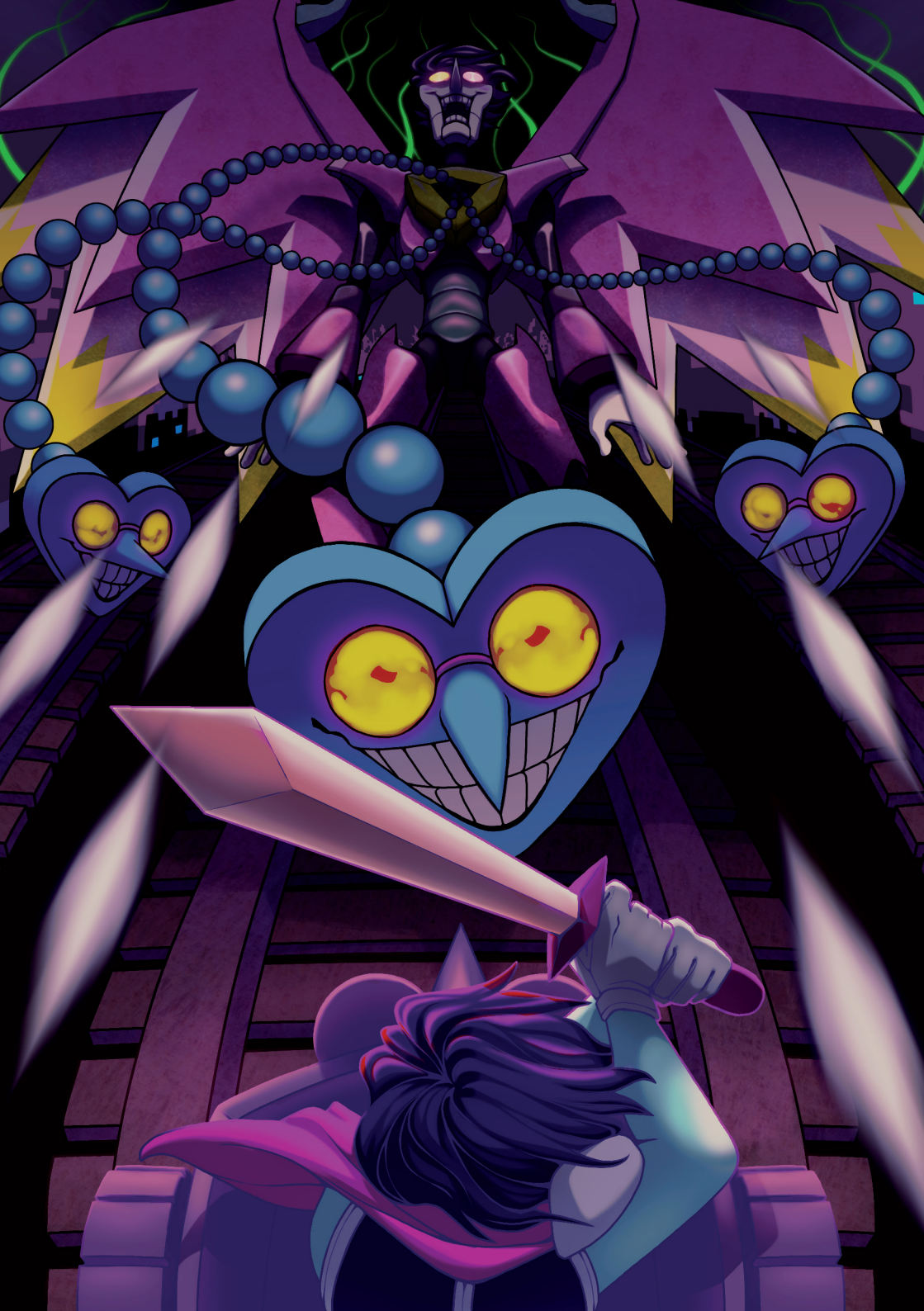
* ...

* ...

* ...

* Morning comes.













ROSE-TINTED AFTERLIFE

BY SAMMY C

Spamton thinks he might be going insane, actually.

More than usual. Because it starts with: Spamton is popping out of the trashcan, bargaining(battling?) to twist this kid dry of whatever they can give, when he notices a Light. It's not like the fluorescents of the city or the neons of Queen's signs. This is faint. Barely visible.

Familiar.

Spamton invites them back to his shop, adrenaline pumping, because he's dreamed about this. Finding a kinship(finding a pawn). Talking to someone just like him(using them to his advantage). They take the Keygen. They go to the basement. Spamton rises, so close to the ceiling and so far off the ground, and he goes to take what he *deserves*-

and then it ends.

Neo is destroyed. His health is depleted.

And so he thought, fuck, okay, he's never going to recover from this and not just because he no longer has a body. He ascended! He reached HEAVEN!!! He was standing right outside the gates; all he needed was a key. Something to dissolve the strings.

Then he got beat up by a group of children. God *dammit*.

Spamton becomes a pair of glasses and promptly decides that even if he's still sentient his life is over. Because

for one, Kris is the only one who can hear him(don't ask him why). And for two, they're *wearing*him. Like an *accessory*.

"I," He growls, "will NOT be a trophy wife."

Kris needs to excuse themself from the group to laugh at that.

So, he was planning his grand escape. But then the fight happens. And-lord, how could he leave after *that*?

He doesn't completely comprehend what's happening, and for what is not the first time he can't find it in him to really put aside his pride and ask. The kids have turned into a giant robot-the inner mechanic in him that never quite died would *kill* to see what makes that monstrosity tick-and the questions just start to pile from there.

When did Queen get this frankly ridiculous version of herself built? How didn't he notice it happening? Who cares! All that matters is that she's falling on her ass after a particularly heavy hit and Spamton's experiencing things he was convinced he never would ten minutes ago. It's *exciting*. Almost manic, he thinks, but not quite. There's something different about him fundamentally. He doesn't understand it yet.

Okay, he thinks as the fluffy kid starts monologuing. Okay, he can work with this. Being a pair of glasses is not ideal. His pride getting torn the shreds was not on his bucket list. But nobody *knows* that-except Kris, obviously, but he doesn't think they don't have much to stand on either, so he'll put that issue to the side. He can't do much of anything in his current form. But to be able to just sort of sit around and watch as these kids burn the fucking world to the ground? Free entertainment and endless excitement?

It doesn't sound that bad, to put it like that.

Okay, Spamton decides, positively ignoring everything being said. Go through the fountain. Continue to watch some truly great TV. Okay. He can work with this. Maybe grab some popcorn on the way.

Maybe trading mania for adrenaline isn't as large a difference as he previously thought.

So you can imagine his annoyance when Kris starts off in the opposite direction of the fountain.

"KRIS," He sneers, composure startling to crackle, "WHY ARE WE [spin me right round baby]??? GO THROUGH THE FOUNTAIN! I WANNA SEE THE [it's a killer light show]!"

"Sometimes, things change when it's time to leave." Kris casually steps around shards of broken pottery. Spamton watches the paintings pass and scowls. "I like to backtrack. See if anyone needs anything."

"BORRRING."

Kris has no response to that. Spamton doesn't pout, because grown men don't pout; but he is quiet.

Kris talks to himself. It's surprising for someone so quiet, but he listens all the while. Mostly he waits for a chance to pipe in himself; Kris thinks the lights are too bright(they're too dull, in his opinion). Kris finds pop-ups adorable(pests?). Kris cannot drink battery acid. He tries to tell them the burn is intentional; they say it absolutely isn't.

Spamton stops mid-rant as Kris pops the cap off a bottle. He glances down to see what they're messing with. Looks back up

when he recognizes it as S.POISON.

Looks back down when he realizes they're about to drink it.

"KRIS!! KRIS!!" He screeches, soul racing as they startle and nearly drop the bottle, "DON'T DRINK THAT!!! THINK OF OUR POOR [[heart-shaped object]]!"

"Why?"

"Why?" WHY??? Kris leans over to pick up the abandoned cap. "Spamton?" They prod.

He's missing something. He *knows* he's missing something. "... It's [[1-800-poison control]]," He pushes out.

Kris has fully stopped in the middle of the street. They look at the bottle and stare. "...Oh," They sign, finally. "Why would you sell me poison?"

"WHY WOULD YOU *BUY* IT???" He can't help but ask. "*ITS LABELED POISON.*"

"I've probably drank worse," They say, casually, and now he doesn't have a response, something rare as they put the bottle away(but don't toss it?).

Kris is an enigma. He cannot imagine what they've drank that's worse than poison. He does not understand why they keep smiling through his angry rants about how pop-ups are the most annoying thing in the world.

"Are you [[18 Years And Under!]]?" He asks, suddenly. The first opening he's given to conversation.

Kris snorts, taking the lids off all the trash cans they pass and peering in before moving on. "I'm 16," They reply.

Ah.

He thought they were 12.

Spamton has noticed a pattern. He'll get distracted and turn his attention away from Kris for less than a minute. This time, it was the opening to his old shop. He'll snap out of it. Kris will be doing something absolutely inane that he either can't stop watching or he has some very big emotional reaction to.

Now they're eating moss. And, well.

"WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU WANTED [moss... Moss? MOSS!!!]? I'VE GOT HEAPS OF THAT!!"

So they're back in his shop. He leads Kris behind the counter, informs them which concrete areas have rotted through versus which have been painted over. At first they don't notice. Spamton waits, smugly, as Kris slowly realizes there's almost-black lichen blending into the shadow beneath the counter.

"I'LL GIVE YOU A [[family special!]] FOR [69 blaze it] KROMER!" Spamton offers. Kris snorts for unknown reasons.

They crouch down, admire the moss for an extended period of time. They do not eat any. When Spamton asks why they avoid the question; say something about mold, and when they get back up they rummage around their pockets before setting cash on the counter.

"...AH."

Kris is smiling. Spamton cannot put into words how deeply annoying it is.

"KRIS," He starts-and if had teeth to grind, they'd be dust by now-"HOW ABOUT. YOU TAKE THE MONEY. AND HOLD ONTO IT. FOR YOUR GOOD PAL [[Spamton G. Spamton?]]."

As soon as he says it they're spinning back on their heel and snatching up the cash. "Of course."

"IN A DIFFERENT POCKET, KRIS," He warns. "IT'S *MY* MONEY, KRIS."

"Obviously," They say. He watches as they deliberately put the cash into their right pocket, then pat their half-empty left; proof they haven't mixed the stashes. "Are you ready to go?"

"IF YOU SPEND MY MONEY, KRIS, YOU'RE A DEAD [[gender-neutral word for man?]]."

"I hear you loud and clear," They assure. And they lock the door behind them.

Painting is probably off the table, Spamton realizes as they leave. He doesn't exactly have the arms for it now. Maybe he could get Kris to do it and live through them. Or maybe, after seeing how messy his mural in the shop is(was it always that bad?), this is for the better.

An orange Addison makes an attempt to wave down Kris. They have a dress. Spamton ignores them. Would he be able to use ghost paint?

He's about to ask Kris their opinion on the matter, when he notices they've slowed. He glances the way they're gazing.

The same blue and white dress the Addison is selling stares back.

“FOR YOU?”

At the acknowledgment Kris fully stops in front of the shop, considering. “Ralsei might like it,” They point out.

“HM.”

Spamton knew this Addison. He wonders if they remember him. He wonders if they cared. He wonders if they’re scared of going to the new world, and then he pushes it down as far as it’ll go.

“75% off for 300 Dark Dollars!” The Addison offers too loudly.

Kris frowns. There is, Spamton thinks, absolutely no way they have enough. Nothing is said but he knows for a fact they consider adding his portion by the guilty glimpse up he just manages to catch. And something about it bothers him.

Kris is always thinking of their friends. Spamton doesn’t like thinking of others at all. But here he is.

“HAGGLE.”

Thinking.

Kris blinks. “What?”

“HAGGLE,” He repeats, watching Orange carefully. “THIS ONE HAS NO [IBackbone-less slugsI].”

The Addison’s smile is frozen in place. Kris ponders, then swallows.

"250?" Spanton glares down at them, unamused, and they must feel it because they instantly clear their throat and repeat.

The Addison's already-shut eyes scrunch up for a moment, something like a slow blink. "This... This isn't a bartering system, kid," They say, sounding unsure. "I'm not really-"

"200," Kris interrupts.

"WHAT?!" The Addison's smile drops. Spanton's grows. "That's- That would be-What do you take me for, a-"

"150!"

The tension builds. Spanton's energy rises. The Addison's composure is gone, now, and in an attempt to defend: "I have a BUSINESS to run! Do you even-"

"YOU'RE THEIR ONLY CUSTOMER," Spanton cuts in over their scolding. He's practically vibrating. "YOU'RE THEIR [[Last chance for 50% off!]]. THERE'S NO ONE ELSE COMING, KRIS. YOU'RE THE LAST [singles within 5,000 miles]!! WRING THEM DRY!!!"

"100," Kris demands. "Final offer."

"NO!!!"

In a dramatic display of desperation, the Addison suddenly falls to their knees, one fist out while they curl into a ball. Spanton thinks this is the best thing he's seen in his whole career.

"Please," The Addison sobs. *Sobs*. Kris would feel bad if they weren't so comically cartoon-y. Spanton hears them snort and jeers louder.

"Please," they repeat. A last attempt. "I have a wife and three kids to feed."

"No you don't!" Kris yells at the same time Spamton screams the same thing. Orange wails.

"50," Kris rushes to say. "50-50 and I'll take it."

The Addison cries.

"AND," Kris continues, hands flapping in front of them at the sudden burst of adrenaline, "I want the mannequin too!"

Silence. Shock. "You want-"

"HA!" Spamton cackles. Oh, this is *delightful*. He thinks he might be light-headed from the joy of it all. "THE MANNEQUIN!! THE MANNEQUIN-KRIS, YOU [[sly dog]]!! KRIS, YOU G-"

"-you want the..." The Addison stares. Their face, which had been pointed towards the floor, is notably not covered in tears. "I was... I mean..."

"Final-"

"FINE," The Addison snaps. They push themselves to their feet and stomp back into their shop. "FINE, TAKE IT ALL. THEN BEAT IT!!!"

The door slams shut.

Spamton continues to cackle loudly. Kris pats their cheeks, flushed, and tries to calm themselves down before they get overexcited-something Spamton doesn't seem too particularly worried about.

"We just bullied that guy," They say through hysteria. "We were-"

"WE'RE GENIUSES, KRIS. TOTAL [[donkeys]]." Kris lets out a breath of giggles, and Spamton thinks he hasn't felt this high from business in a *long* time. "YOU'RE A REAL [[up-and-coming movies]] BIGSHOT, KRIS."

They leave 50 dollars at the shop's door. As they walk away, they hear the door open and shut faster than they can look.

Eventually, they find out the dress has, in fact, been glued to the mannequin. Unless the Addison planned to rip it off for them, there's no way they wouldn't have gotten it anyway.

"Ralsei'll love this," Kris says through a smile. "It's *perfect*."

It could do with less glue, Spamton thinks. He doesn't say it though. He guesses Kris knows their friends better than he does anyway.

And Spamton hasn't had friends for a long time.

Ralsei loves the dress. Susie leaves Kris at the fountain for a while longer to go talk to someone, real quick.

It's just the two of them now.

It's dark.

He knows Kris will be okay.

Spamton doesn't know how else to describe it. It's in his bones. It coats his very SOUL. It's the only possible answer; Kris is a good kid. Their friends are, uh, questionable, but they've got good heads on their shoulders and it's obvious how much they care.

With more curiosity than fear, Spamton asks, "DOES IT [[ouch? OUCH!!! THE PAIN!!!]]?"

Kris considers. Eventually they shake their head. "It feels warm," They tell him, and if Spamton could nod he would.

Quiet. The fountain hums faintly.

After a moment of wringing their hands together, Kris tentatively admits, "It's bright, though. Can I...?"

A hand reaches up towards the frames of the glasses. They sit securely in their hair, resting right above their hairline, and in the gesture there's an unspoken question.

This isn't as exciting as Spamton thought it would be.

There's a softness in the air, a nervous anticipation. Kris has done this before. They've told him where they're going with an amount of detail that should honestly make him feel better. It sounds like a comfortable place. It sounds safe. Not full of danger, or adventure, or risky tasks that would leave his hair on end.

It surprises Spamton how okay he is, with that. It surprises Spamton how tired he feels now.

Because Spamton knows Kris can be saved. He knows the strings have yet to ingrain themselves; it's just knots, now. Lose ones. Ones that surround their soul but not Kris themselves. He knows their friends will help when the time comes. He knows it'll be fine, in the end.

But now he's thinking-after saying goodbye to "home", after saving Kris from poison, after using his skills for the fun of it-maybe he can be saved, too. Or he can heal, or-whatever. It's weird.

Spamton doesn't think he's real worthy of wings anymore, but he thinks he could work his way into earning the ground.

“GO FOR IT HOTSHOT.”

In one brisk move Kris flicks the glasses down over their eyes.

Susie enters. Spamton ignores what she says; keeps his eye on the prize, so to speak, and watches colors fade and shift. Again, Kris reaches up to make sure the glasses are safe. And again, they take their hand down quickly after, knowing there's nothing to be anxious about.

The fountain fills with brightness. The SOUL-the key, the link, the light-glows a dim red.

Kris stands outside of it for longer than necessary. Susie doesn't seem to mind. Spamton finds himself thankful.

It's strange. As they step in,
it almost feels like [HEAVEN].

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BIGGER

AND
BETTER THAN
EVER



THE
FOOL.

DEFICIT

BY SOUL

What is:

a chef without a knife?
an actor with no audience?
a teacher with no students?
a businessman with no sales?
a puppet without strings?

These are the questions they ask—

What makes someone good?

What makes someone worthy?

What makes one Lonely Addison...

unsuccessful?

They were so close together,

yet so far apart,

and yet,

[[H E A V E N]] had never grazed

the Lonely Addison's fingertips

quite

this

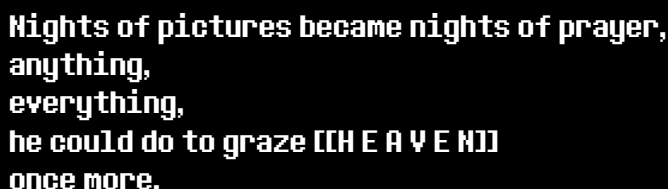
much.

And then the puppetmaster pulled back,

set fragile bones against hard concrete with a clatter,

locked the Gates behind him,

and glory became depravity.



So [[H E A V E N]] murmured,
the Puppetmaster picked up his wooden crosses,
and Light came to a dark, damp alley.

The Puppetmaster had forgotten Light,
had mistaken artificial LEDs for beauty,
wild, bright, untamed.
He had underestimated the ripple
that a

S S S
 T T T
 R R R
 cut through the
 I I I
 N N N
 G G G
 S S S

would have.

And so, they
ask....
you.

What is:

an actor with no audience?
a teacher with no students?
a businessman with no sales?
a puppet without strings?
a believer without their GOD?
a line of code?

The Salesman—the [BIG SHOT]—and the Light answer:

An actor with no audience, a teacher with no students,
a puppet without strings, a businessman with no sales,
a line of code,
are all perfectly incomplete.

They are...

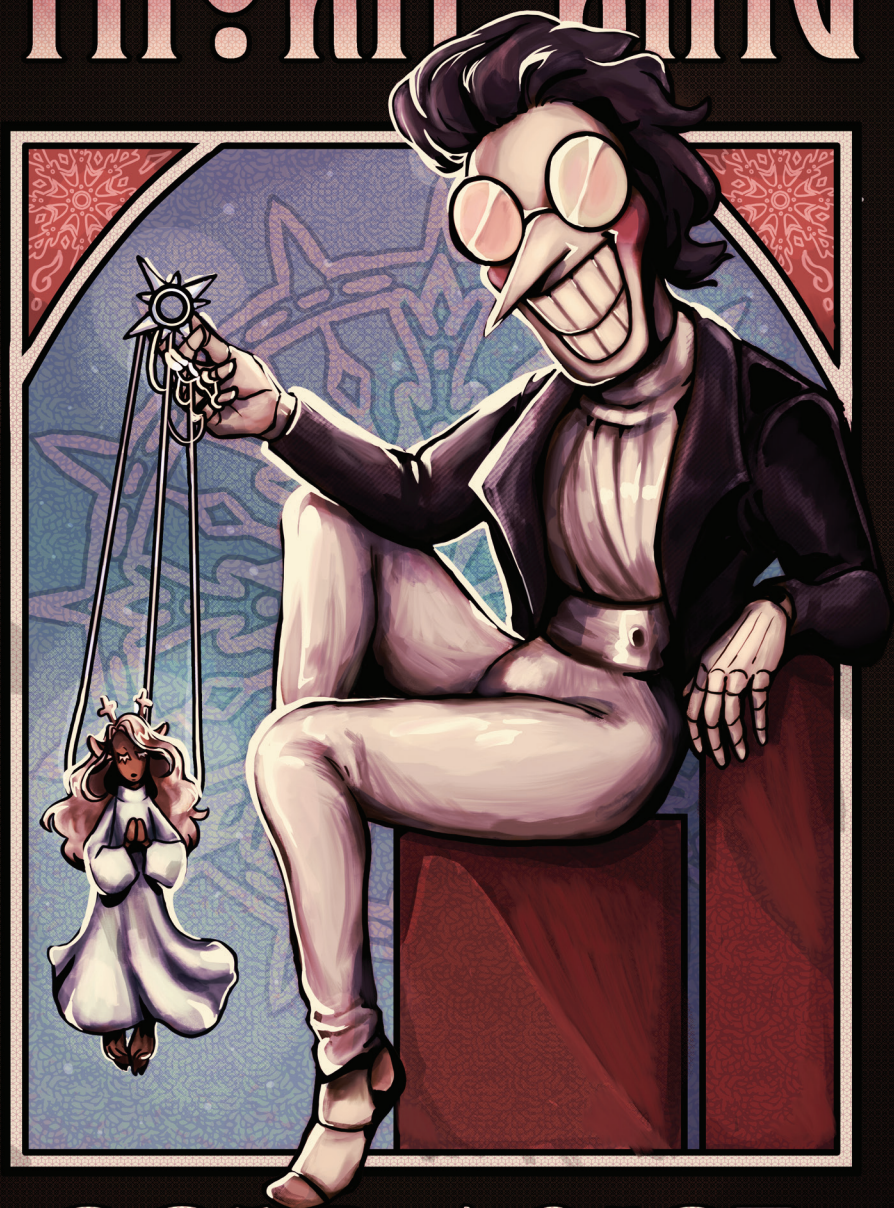
worthy
and
loved.

A puppet without strings is free.



WATCH ME FLY [[MAMA]]

THORN RING



COLD AS ICE



CYBER WORLD

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CLIPBOARD.LTD.CO.UK/SPAMCLIPBOARD Aut. by Spanton

HOME

TOP GAMES

NEW GAMES

BIG_SHOT_GAME



KRIS

SUSIE

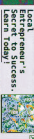
RALSEI

If the game does not work, then [click here](#).



CREATOR
SPANTON G. SPANTON
8155407 FOLLOWERS

FOLLOW



Views: 5555555555

Rating: 5.0

Description:

[[DO YOU]] WANT 2



qu33ni3x0 about 20 minutes ago



.???.





BRAD
BRADLEY
ART

ALLEY

[TRANSACTION]

BY WIZ

Blue and pink lights reflect off your digital watch as you watch the neon skyline from the window of your cab. Said watch steadily counts down to your opening shift. Honking blares throughout the black night as the traffic jam you currently find yourself in stretches onwards for five more blocks. With the heat of the cab, the ticking of your watch, and the constant ear piercing honking; you make the operational decision to cut your losses and travel by foot.

Jogging briskly through the cool streets with your large suitcase in tow, you come to a side alley. This might be a good shortcut, you think, it might save some precious time.

However, upon entering the alley you're struck with an ominous feeling in the pit of your stomach. You're running out of time, and you've already committed, so you ignore it.. You have been told that your indecisive nature is one of your major flaws, but it's far too late now.

The alley is dark and dirty, with old billboards half torn down and trash strewn about. You make sure to keep your suit pants clean. Halfway down the alley you hear a loud BANG of metal. You turn on your heel and see a lonely dumpster.

Was that a Maus? No, it sounded much too large to just be a maus. Against your better judgment, you approach the dumpster. As you do the lid bursts open throwing rotten eggs

at your feet. A strange white triangle slowly emerges from under the trash; for a second you think it looks like a nose?

In that very moment of thought, a voice shouts out!

“[[It wasn’t me! It was mi-!]]”

Pink and Yellow lenses glint in the darkness of the alley as a strange little... puppet-like guy rises from the rubbish, turning to look directly at you. You briefly exchange mutual confused glances. His expression of extreme terror slowly turns into a slimy grin, his body relaxing as well not too long after.

“o00000H SÖRRY THERE! I WAS EXPECTING [[BIG TONY’S delivers your Pizza in 20 minutes flat]] ELSE!!

“BUT YOU DON’T LOOK [Baaaaad to the bone~] KINDA [individual]!”

You take a few steps back from this deranged little man; he looks like he could give you malware just by breathing on you. It must have shown on your face, as the puppet tries to smooth things over with introductions.

“[oops look what I just did] I NEED 2 INTRODUCE MY [official fan page] TO YOU!”

With one swift motion, he fully pulls himself up, and stands atop a moldy box of *Mr Shines Bath Sponges*.

“THE NAME’S!!@! SPAMTON G. SPAMTON! THATS SPAMTON G. SPAMTON! SAY IT WITH ME FELLAS!

S-P-@M-1 G. s-P-P 0 0-n

WITH A G! WHICH STANDS FOR [FILE MISSING.] BUT PLEASE MY [[business-partners]] JUST CALL ME! SPAMTON G SPAMTON! FOR SHORT!! HA! HAAAAHA! HAAAAHAHA!!!”

His head vibrates violently as he laughs, and just as you think it's about to tumble off he grabs it with both his hands. His eyes directly meet with your own, it unnerves you enough to take a step back.

"SAY?!"

WHAT BRINGS A [conscientious customer] LIKE U DOWN THES3 [lovely] PARTS OF TOWN?!"

Not wanting to get into a long drawn out conversation, you attempt to keep your answer short and to the point.

"I'm just taking a short cut." you quickly reply, glancing at your watch. It's a small comfort.

Spanton's eyes narrow as his gaze shifts towards your briefcase. His eyes widen.

"OOH BABY!!! IS THAT A [[1998Leatherbacked,goldlocked,]] [[Limited run]]!...

[[SootMcGoots™]]!!!!!! WOOF WEEE!!! MIND IF I GET A [[NOSE FILL?!]] OF THAT JUICY MAMA!!!!?!"

He quickly crawls towards your briefcase and tries to place his long, dirty nose on your clean briefcase. You lift it up as his fingers touch the clean leather back. You watch as he stands on his tippy toes, pathetically trying to catch a whiff of the case.

"I CEE, A WORKING [[Adult sized Sponge]] A REAL [[MAN ROUND TOWN]]!!!"

BOSS HOLDING YA BY THE [[Silly Strings]]?! GOT YOU WORKING [[Butter]] AT THE [[Butter Farm]]!"

You give a confused look and explain that you don't know what

the heck he's saying, and that you really need to get going. You try and attempt to get past this small annoying addison, but suddenly you see him dart in between your legs and stand in front of you, arms outstretched trying to stop you.

“!WAIT! U LOOK LIKE A GUY WHO NEEDS! A LEG UP IN THE R-R-R-R-
RRRRRRRRRRRRRR

[[!lug]] RACE!!!

AREN'T YOU TIRED OF THE DAILY GRIND?! JUST BEING SOME
SMALL COG IN SOME GUYS [free Lamborghini!!] WELL I HAVE
THE [deluxe] [one of a kind] [non fungible] OFFER TO MAKE
[[[Y0o00oU!]]]!!!!”

An offer? Was this guy for real? You're not going to take some shady thing from a guy who just climbed out of a dumpster. The small garbage man twitched expectantly, his pink and yellow glass fixed upon your pupils. Perhaps humoring him a little would at least allow you to get through this alley. You indicate to him that you would like to hear the details of his “deal” before you commit to anything. Spamton's mouth extends into a large grin, so large that it seems like his whole head grew 10 fold just to accommodate this slimy smile.

“AH!! SMART MOVE! FROM A SMART [Adult[business grade]
Sponge]! ASKING ME TO [expose] THE [Terms of Service] 2 U!!!
CLEVER AS A [sunday night roast with extra gravy order now
and get mashed potatoes half price] AHAHAh!!”

Spamton quickly moves his tiny feet over to the dumpster and starts to rumble through it. After a few moments of him quietly [!*0%#] under his breath, he finally pulls out a large cream coloured projector, which he holds proudly above his comically large head.

"AFTER I'M D-D-D-DONE! YOUR GOING TO BE SEEING KROMER FOR

DAY\$

DAY\$

DAY\$

[If Symptoms still persist for more than 24 hours please
see a] ECONOMIST!!!"

A white light illuminates the other wall of the alley, you hold up your briefcase to shield your eyes in an attempt to protect your retina. Spamton slicks his hair back and pulls out a long thin pole covered in greasy green stains. The projector then shows the first slide which reads, "Your [[BIG]] chance".

The projector continues to show slides of graphs and nonsensical spreadsheets, all the while Spamton points erratically with his grease pole.

"MY [[Friend]] THIS THINGS IS GOING TO CHANGE YOUR YOUR WHOLE [fabric of R-r-r-eality]

MAKE THINGS [REAL] MAKE YOU [REAL] MAKE THINGS THAT WEREN'T [REAL] [[REAL!!!!!!]]

THIS IS GOING TO SHAKE UP THE [[corporate landscape]] ALL YOU NEED TO HELP ME IS [Invest] IN M[[YOUR]] DREAMS!"

An image of spamton with large pointing hand appears on the projector, while pop-ups appear with the phrase [CLICK HERE TO CLAIM YOUR DREAM] start to quickly fill up the lit screen.

In a brief moment you question what your dream would even be. You know for sure it wouldn't be working as a low paying intern for Addison & Co. There was a time that you

had ambitions, to live off your craft, but you always told yourself that it was too risky, not financially viable for you. You accepted reality and picked a safer path, your dreams could be put on hold for a year. That was 6 years ago; you're nowhere near where you want to be in your career.

This introspection feels like hours but in reality is only a few moments. You snap back to the alley with the projector in front of you. A confusing pie chart, which is actually just a curdled drawing of a pie, flickers on the wall. Spanton continues to swing his pole in wild, random gestures.

"GET A SLICE OF THAT SWEET [*I can't believe it's not*] Meat Calzone]!?"

Without even thinking you blurt out the words; "invest with what?". As these words leave your mouth, you see another glint in spanton's glasses. He points his greasy pole at your suitcase.

"EASY AS 1 2- 5!!!! [Hand over the goods and] EVERYONE GETS [\$\$\$\$\$\$\$] ! U? ME? WE?

IT'S A SHRIMPLE EEL MON!!! [exchange] UR [beef]case]!"

You protectively wrap your arms around your briefcase. Spanton's voice shifts to an almost serious tone that sends a shiver through your digital spine.

"[and then we'll both get what we want.]

[A chance]

[to be a...]

BIG SHOT!!!

EHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

SO WHAT DO YOU SAY?!

P.

A.

L.

CAN WE SHAAAAAAAAAKE ON IT!?!?"

He stretches out his hand ready for you to close the deal. You know that if you do this you can kiss your cozy job goodbye, and every other possible job in cyber city for that matter, but you find yourself drawn to the possibility of shaking his hand. Perhaps this is the kind of shake up your life needs right now? Without even thinking you slowly start to raise your arm. Spamton's grin grows unnaturally large as he sees you reaching for his hand.

The sound of your wrist watch alarm goes off, indicating that your shift is about to start in 3 minutes. Both you and Spamton awkwardly look at each other as the beeping echoes throughout the silent alley. You reach your hand back and start briskly walking past, you've wasted enough time with this trash goblin and you're not going to lose your job because of him!

You glance over your shoulder, but Spamton is nowhere to be seen. Just then you feel a sharp tug on your suitcase which nearly pulls the joint out of your socket.

"HEY [Little doggy!] DON'T [[[Leave me out in the cold!]]]
JUST GIVE ME [[A DAY ONE GUARANTEE]]!?! "

You struggle to hold firm as Spamton latches his grimy wooden puppet hands onto the case, attempting to pull it out of your grasp. His face shifts from desperation to blind



rage as his wooden fingers scrape into the leather of the company's assigned case.

"I'M NOT GOING B-B-B-BACK TO [[The Garbage can]]!!!!

DO YOU KNOW WHO THE [&%\$E"^^] I AM!??

I'M THE [Salesman of the decade©1997]!! THE DEAL MAKER!! I'VE
[[licked]] HANDS WITH ROYALTY!! I'M THE [[BIG SHOT]] WHO'S
GONNA RUN THIS [[LITTLE • ITALY]]!! THE WAY I WANT!!! WITH NO
OVERSIGHT FROM [[Big 6%"\$!]] UP STAIRS!! AND IF YOU GET IN MY
WAY! I'LL [Bake you a pie] 6 FEET UNDER!!!

SO IF YOU REALLY WANT TO [[Skip ad]] ON THIS [Exclusive DEAL]
I GUESS WE'RE NOT PARTNERS!!! JUST DIENERS!!! NOW GIVE ME THE
CASE!!! YOU [unwashed rodent]!!"

The suitcase buckles under the weight of your conflicting
tugs before it finally gives, and pops open, scattering its
contents onto the dirty concrete. You both fall flat on your
backs as important paperwork floats down around you. There
is a brief silence in the narrow alley before you stumble
to your feet and scramble to collect the confidential
information. As you shove papers into the leather case, you
notice Spamton approaching you. His small body hunched
over, glasses now filled with static.

"[[You don't understand I had everything, I was so close to
true enlightenment.]]

[[I've given up everything for HIM]]

[[and he won't even return my GOD [%\$E] CAL]]"

A faint ringing echoes from the dumpster. Spamton's back
straightens as his eyes bulge out of his block head. After
only letting the phone ring twice, Spamton skitters like a
hungry roach towards it. He frantically claws at trash bags,

digging for the phone.

“WHERE IS IT!? WHERE IS IT!?? PLEASE DON’T! [hang up and dial again]!”

You use this time to hurriedly scoop the rest of the contents back into your suitcase, keeping an eye on the gross puppet. With a click of the lock, you jump to your feet and dash out of the dark alley. The sound of a phone hanging off its receiver echoes in your mind as you run down the illuminated sidewalk.

You arrive 13 minutes late to the start of your shift, your rotund boss gives you the stink eye while holding a cup of hot brew.

You desperately sputter out your explanation about the traffic which held you up. Your boss rolls his eyes as he sips his coffee. You don’t tell him about what happened in the Alley. Why make things more complicated if he wouldn’t believe you anyway?

“Well don’t let it happen again.” Your boss grunts. “Oh, and we’re upping the security of our client’s Mansion, so make sure the encryption is extra hard to hack” He takes another sip of his coffee before finishing his thought.

“Just a few months ago some weirdo was kicked out while trying to disguise himself as her head butler. He was trying to sneak into the basement. We don’t want the next loon who tries something like that to be successful, so don’t mess this up.” He says as brown liquid drips from his whiskers. You nod humbly, knowing how much this could mean for your career. There’s a nagging thought at the back of your head about the incident your boss described, but you push it aside.

“Good.” He says with a short and stern tone as he walks back

to his office. Your legs take you slowly to your cubicle and you slump into the cramped office chair. A tired sigh escapes your lips as you lift the heavy briefcase onto the steel desk. The poster of the hanging Tasque looks back with the phrase [hang in there bud] below it.

With a loud click of the locks, you open up the case. However you soon realize something is wrong. Your Client's KeyGen is nowhere to be found among the mess of scrunched up paper work looking back at you.

Back in the grimy alley, a puppet sits content atop the trash in a dumpster, staring intensely at the KeyGen he just swiped off the ground.

YOU SEE THAT [heaven] I'M [[going up up UP]]!!

Burdrehnar.png





\$1 ALL
\$49.99
\$50 DEALS

MARGAIN

\$CH
\$PH
\$REALS

\$20 "CHEEP"

DON'T YOU WANNA BE A
BIG SHOT?







LIFE OF THE #1 SALES MAN (1997)

Pepis

DEALS FOR YOU!

WILL YOU ACCEPT MY CON...

YES NO

I'LL GET SO. I'LL GET SO. I'LL GET SO. I'LL GET SO. I'LL GET SO. I'LL GET SO. I'LL GET SO. I'LL -[HYPERLINK BLOCKED]

CALL YOU LATER!

KROMER

BUY NOW! LIMITED TIME ONLY!!

DESIGNED BY CLASSICS YOU'VE COME TO EXPECT (c) 1997

CLIVY?

DEAL?

Roshaji 2022

Roskaii
2022

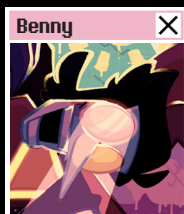


PAGE ARTISTS



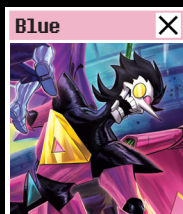
Ayvee Smith X

🐦 lagomort
t lagomort



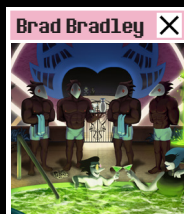
Benny X

🐦 witchybomber
@ witchybomber



Blue X

🐦 blueartistic813
t blueartistic813



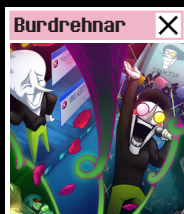
Brad Bradley X

🐦 bradbradleyart
@ bradbradleyart



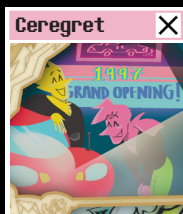
Bug Jamboree X

🐦 bugjamborees
@ bugjamboree



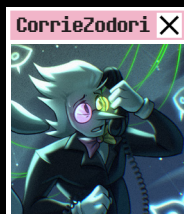
Burdrehnar X

🐦 Burdrehnar



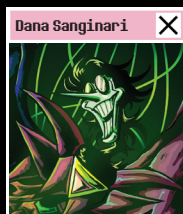
Ceregret X

🐦 ceregret
@ ceregret



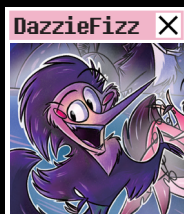
CorrieZodori X

🐦 corriezodori
🐦 scrappyzaf



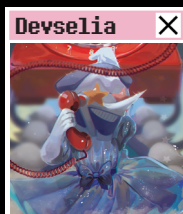
Dana Sanginari X

🐦 danasanginari
t redegysretrodragon



DazzieFizz X

🐦 DazzieFizz
@ dazziefizz



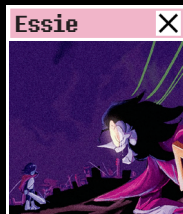
Devselia X

🐦 devselia
@ devselia



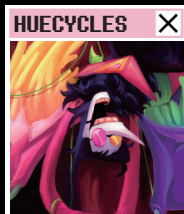
dvdexe X

🐦 dvdex



Essie X

🐦 H1mboEnjoyer
@ _yuh_cuh_



HUECYCLES X

🐦 HUECYCLES
t huecycles



Iroiise X

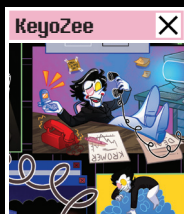
🐦 iroiise
@ iroiise



Juno Son X

🐦 jsketch12

PAGE ARTISTS CONT.



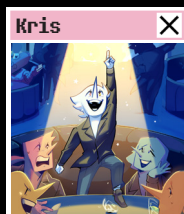
KeyoZee ✕
 @roskaii
 @mtt_mettaton



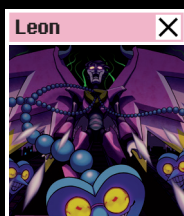
Khairos ✕
 @khairosclerosis



Koma ✕
 @koma_prince
 @koma_prince



Kris ✕
 @krismartini_



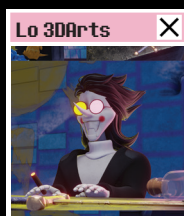
Leon ✕
 @LOSTNEVADA



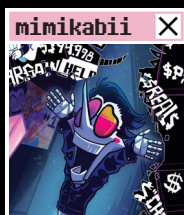
Lighterium ✕
 @lighterium
 t lighterium



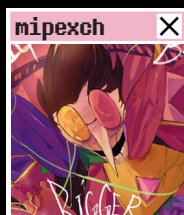
Lime ✕
 @RagtimeLime
 @ragtimelime



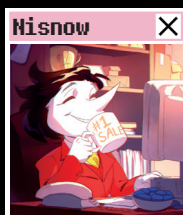
Lo 3DArts ✕
 @Lo_wolf4



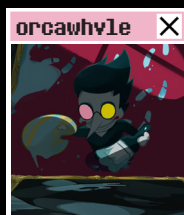
mimikabii ✕
 @mimikabii
 t mimikabii



mipexch ✕
 @mipexch_



Nisnow ✕
 @phantom_nisnow
 @nisnow.art



orcawhyle ✕
 @orcawhyle
 @orcawhyle



Porky ✕
 @porkymoon
 t porkymoon



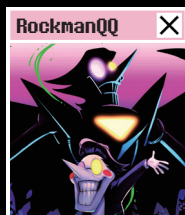
Poryphone ✕
 @poryphone
 t sunfloraas



Rattanwhip ✕
 @rattanwhip
 t rattanwhip



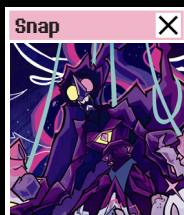
RETROGLOOM ✕
 @RETRO_GLOOM



RockmanQQ
@rockmanqq



linktr.ee/skreebat



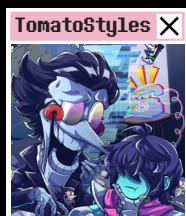
snapvalentine
t snapvalentine



spexi.rou
t spexirou



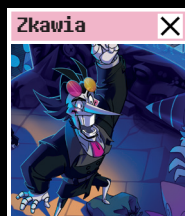
the.miasma



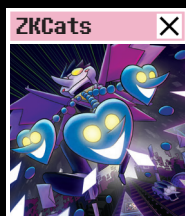
AwesomeTomato18
t tomatostyles



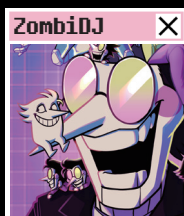
wonszuart
t wonszuart



Zkawia



zkcats
t cats-artbag



DarkTwinTeeko
t darktwinteekoart

WRITERS

Hearts

Remus69420
t ramen-and-co

Puppet's Lamentations

Sernerr

sernerr
t sernerr34

Bigger Than All

PrinceFluffybuns
t chanzillasonic
x PrinceFluffybuns

Garbage Noise

Mafa

rubs_juice
t rubsjuice

Wiz

WizardzWiz

Alley [Transaction]

Soul

soulimagines
x soulioli

Deficit

Sammy C
t sammy-with-a
x Still Sammy

Rose-Tinted Afterlife

IF SPAM.OBJ = 'BIG SHOT', PRINT ('SUCCESS')

MERCH ARTISTS

Dingobeans.zip



Wallpaper/Print



Emotes



Button



Sticker

DingoBeans

 DingoTK

Koma.zip



Enamel Pin

Koma

 koma_prince

 koma_prince

Marmarmia.zip



Icons



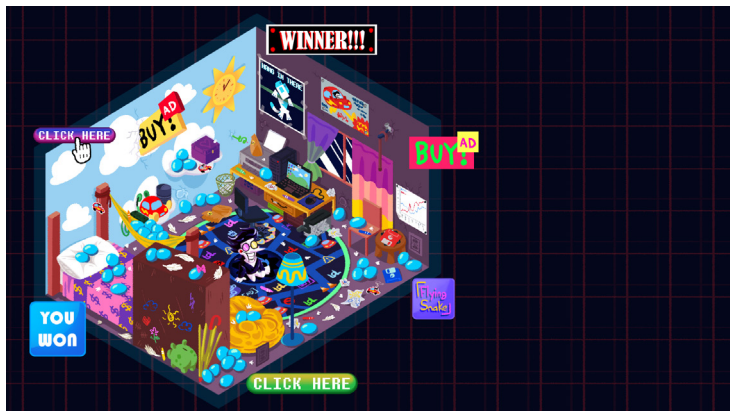
Charm

Marmarmiya

 marmarmiya

 marmarmiya_

FlyingSnake.zip



Wallpaper



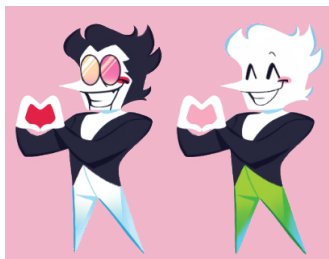
Washi Tape

FlyingSnake

 _Flyingsnake

 flyingsnake

SeaBeam.zip



Standee



Wallpaper

SeaBeam



Buttons



starjuicebox.zip

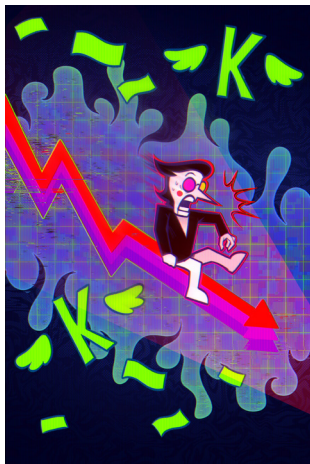


Button

Starjuicebox



Print



Wallpaper

Mia_Litz.zip



Wallpaper/Print



Emotes



Sticker

Mia Litz

 miaou_ml

PIPIS!!!.zip



Sticker by
AyveeSmith



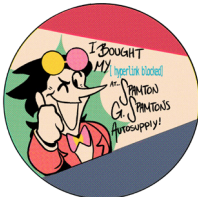
Standee by
mimikabii



Sticker by MIPEXCH



Sticker by Dana
Sanginari



Button by
poryphone



Charm by dvdexe

MODERATORS

Deyselia  [deyselia](#)
 [deyselia](#)
Art

Koma  [koma_prince](#)
 [koma_prince](#)
Head

kroalias  [kroalias](#)
 [kroalias](#)
Formatting

Nisnow  [phantom_nisnow](#)
 [nisnow.art](#)
Graphics

Soul  [soulimagines](#)
 [soulioli](#)
Writing & Production



[[A NOTE FROM THE MANAGEMENT]]

HEY THERE [[BIG SHOT]]?

Thank you so much for purchasing a copy of our funny little zine about a funny little salesman. What started as a free, digital-only passion project from a small artist/prince turned into a project so big, so bold, so grand that it rivals [[HEAVEN]] itself.

Every single contributor poured their [Heart-Shaped Object] and miscellaneous malware into their pieces, and through the talents and traits of the Mod Team, we turned it into what you now hold in your hands. We truly hope you can see the immeasurable talent, passion, and [HOT DEALS!!] that were poured into this zine.

But what is a performance without an audience? What is a zine without its [Valued Customers]? This zine never would've become as big as it did without the amount of support you all gave us. To every customer, follower, and person who took interest in this zine, even if you are not reading this message right now: Thank you. From all of us mods, thank you so much for taking interest in this zine. Thank you for promoting this zine. Thank you for purchasing this zine. Thank you.

It's hard to be a [[BIG SHOT]]. Sometimes, you have to sell your soul to become one. But as self-proclaimed [[BIG SHOTS]] ourselves, we think we have every right to deem each and every one of you as honorary [[BIG SHOTS]]. Please take this [Commemorative Medall] as proof that you have become [[BIGGER]] than [[HEAVEN]] itself and have become [GOD].

Once again, on behalf of the entire mod team: Thank you for supporting [[BIG SHOT]]: A Spamton Zine!



Thank you
for your support
(Little Sponges)
-Kagayeds



THANK YOU!

That's all Folks!
♥ BUGJAMBOREE

I AM
STUCK
IN
THIS
PAGE
HELP
ME



~MIREXCH

Thank you for
the support
Big Shot!
-Mafa @subspace

THANK YOU!!



THANK YOU TO
EVERYONE FOR THE
OPPORTUNITY TO BE
PART OF THIS ZINE.

I HOPE THE READERS
ENJOY THIS ZINE A
LOT!

I ALSO HOPE THAT
EVERY ARTIST, WRITER
AND PUNCH CREATOR
FEEL JOY FOR
CREATING SOMETHING
HANDSOME.

I WISH YOU A GREAT
REST OF YOUR DAY
♡
-Lo_30ARIS



THANKS
KID! FROM
THE BOTTOM
OF MY
[[Heart
Shaped
Object]]!

@miaou - ML



Thank you
for the support!!
Bluey



TIME TO BE A
[[BIG SHOT]]!!



THANK
YOU



Thank
you!
Rockman
QA



THANK
YOU

FOR
YOUR
SUPPORT!

-essie

THAT WAS
AREAL
BIG SHOT
MOVE, KID!

THANK YOU!
~CorrieZodori



you're all [[BIG SHOT]]s
to
ME!

Thank
you for
supporting
our
zine!!

-Kamary



YOU LOOK LIKE
A [[MORBILLION]]
KROMER, KID!

THANKS
A LOT,
BIG
SHOT

@KHAIROS



THANK [you]!!

-AMVEE
(lagomor)

THE
[[Genosist]]!!!

HOLY
[[Congrats]]



THANKS
A [MELON]
FOR THE
SUPPORT!

-ZombiD

